

U
Clio and Strephon:

BEING,

The Second and Last Part

OF

THE PLATONIC LOVERS.

Consisting of

LOVE EPISTLES, &c.

BY

WILLIAM BOND, Esq; of *Bury St. Edmonds.*

AND

Mrs. MARTHA FOWKE;

Who became enamoured by reading each others
Occasional Compositions.

To which is Added,

A Collection of MISCELLANIES

By the most eminent Hands.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, in *Burghley-Street*, in the
Strand. 1732. (Price 2s. 6d.)

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April 20, 1910



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EPISTLE I.

CLIO's* Picture.

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ANTHONY HAMMOND, *Esq;*

O H gentle HAMMOND, whilst a Brother shines,
 Immortal in thy Friendship and thy Lines;
 Place me a Neighbour to that Dear-lov'd Name
 Nature has pair'd us; let me share his Fame:
 I ask not Lawrels, those are ne'er resign'd,
 My Chaplet must be of a softer kind,
 Let the sweet Bays my longing Temples bind:
 If all the Graces in his Person shine,
 Oh! think the Muses have befriended mine,

* The Lady so justly celebrated, for her poetical Talents, under this Name, is Mrs. *Martha Fowke*, Sister to Major *Fowke*.

4 EPISTLES and POEMS,

And whilst their Lustre's o'er my Olive spread,
 I envy not the Shine of White or Red ;
 Here let the Muse perform the Painter's Art,
 And strike the Picture of my Face and Heart.
Poesie is call'd the Image of the Mind,
 In mine my Soul and Body both are join'd ;
 Large is my Forehead made, not wond'rous Fair,
 But Room enough for all the Muses there.
 Full are my Eyes, and of a harmless Blue,
 As if no Wound they made, no Dart they knew ;
 My Eye-brows circling o'er, a shade bestow,
 Veiling the Dulness of the Eye below :
 Nature so niggard to the upper Part,
 Fell to my Lips, and gave a dash of Art.
 Oft have I heard her faithful Lover swear,
 That *Poetry* and *Love* were shining there ;
 Even and white my Teeth but rarely shown,
 In Life I've little Cause for Smiling known ;
 The loss of Friends fell on my tender Years,*
 Dash'd ev'ry Hope, and turn'd my Smiles to Tears ;
 A gloomy Sweetness on my Features hung,
 Sorrows my Pen, and trembles on my Tongue ;
 Slow is its Speech, and with no Music fraught
 Wronging the Richness of my Soul's best Thought.

But whither is the mournful Pencil stray'd,
 My Hair dark-brown wants not *Bucelia's* Aid,
 Flows in the Wind, nor of the Comb afraid.
 Beneath my Waist in natural Rings descends,
 Or pliant to the artful Finger bends,
 When it betides that Dress, and I are Friends.

* Her Father was basely murdered by his Servant.

By CLIO and STREPHON. 5

Eas'y my Neck, but of no darling White,
Veil'd by the Lawn from the enquiring Sight;
My Shoulders full, as Nature's self informs,
Small are my Fingers, nor too plump my Arms.
To the nice Eye no transport they afford,
But to the Ear, pressing the speaking Chord;
Then my Cares murmur with a lower Breath,
Drop from my Eyes, and weep themselves to Death.
Again they press to wrong this artless Draught,
Brib'd by my Fate to ruin every Thought;
My Feet with no ungraceful Motion tread,
Tho' *Isaac's* Steps are from my Mem'ry Fled;
To decent Height my Stature is inclin'd,
Worthy the Muses, and a generous Mind.

To thy kind Eyes *Clio* submits her Form,
Thy Verse can give it ev'ry absent Charm:
Thou in whom Art, and Love, and Nature shines,
Immortalize my Picture in thy Lines.

CLIO.





EPISTLE II.

To *Cleon's* EYES.

THE Love You dare but Look, I find,
 The Eyes speak best the Lover's Mind;
 The God of Love reveals the News,
 Whose Dart has stamp'd the *Billet-doux*;
 No Paper could such sweetness boast,
 For half the Spirit would be lost
 E'er I could read that duller way,
 What in a Moment these convey.
 Oh! let thy Eyes with Truth be fraught,
 Mine shall repay each modest Thought.
 Thus Souls employ their Hours Above,
 Exchanging Looks of deathless Love;
 In Looking, wond'rous Magic lies,
 Oh! there is Poetry in Eyes;
 Methinks I see a *Waller* shine,
 In ev'ry sparkling Beam of Thine;
 Or when in nobler Language drest,
 With *Milton's* Spirit they are blest:
 Thus *Adam* tenderly survey'd,
 With guiltless Looks the blushing Maid;

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By CLIO and STREPHON. 7

Who met his Eyes unskill'd in Art,
They were no Prudes but spoke her Heart;
I want not Thanks, confine your Tongue,
Left Words should do thy Passion wrong.
Sure Speaking, only was design'd,
For the dull Wretches of my kind;
For Scandal, or for rude Disputes,
But tender Lovers should be Mutes:
Grief is by Silence well exprest,
And Silence speaks the Lover best;
Or if kind Souls must Sound at all,
Slow be the Words and gently fall;
As Winds that whisper, and with Tremblings move,
The new born Blossoms of the Infant Grove.

CLIO.



EPISTLE III.

*On Cleon's LETTERS, Darlings of my EYES:
Where Clio's LIFE, and DEATH infolded lies.*

THE shining Murderers who stab my Breast,
Like *Cleopatra's* Asps in Sweetness drest;
Fearless I claspt these Letters in my Arms,
And in my Dreams repeated all their Charms.
My eager Lips, pressing each tender Line,
By that fond Art methoughts they stole to thine;
I Pray'd, I Wept, I Lov'd, and was undone,
My Sleep, my Mirth, my Heart, my Life was gone;
Or that I breath'd, it scarcely was perceiv'd,
But when deep Groans reveal'd I sadly liv'd;
My Faithful Dog the soft complaining hears,
Mourns at my Feet, and wonders at my Tears;
Far more unsocial is thy hard'ned Mind,
Nor Verse tho' wrote in Tears can make it kind;
On some bleak Mountain from thy Eyes remov'd,
I could have liv'd, had I but heard, you Lov'd;
For Thee, the World I chearfully despis'd,
Only by Tenderness, and Thee advis'd,

Content

By CLIO and STREPHON.

Content with Innocence without the Fame,
Oh! can the tender Folly nothing claim.
Thy Converſe to all Charmers I reſign'd,
And only ask'd the Empire of Thy Mind;
That was too much the Niggard *Cleon* ſays,
For all thy weeping Nights, and abſent Days;
You call upon his much lov'd Name in vain,
It will not raiſe your Dying Head again,
Ah, what does it avail, that others Praise,
Thy bounding Fingers, and thy tender Lays;
If he is careleſs whom they wiſh to move,
Praise will not cheer the Heart that breaks with Love.

CLIO.





EPISTLE IV.

*To these soft Lines what Name shall I impart,
But the last Message of a breaking Heart.*

HOW shall I Paint the Pangs with which I part,
How long the way is to a cheerless Heart;
With Sighs replete, with Tenderneſs oppreſt,
Scarce has it Life to beat within my Breast;
Faint are its trembling Wings like dying Birds,
Sorrow and Love have broke its tender Cords;
No parting Tear did from thy Eyelids preſs,
When I was ſinking down with Tenderneſs;
No Sigh accompany'd thy laſt Embrace,
Tho' Death and Love, were painted on my Face;
Diſſembling then had ſure a Virtue prov'd,
And ſav'd a Life, you once ſo dearly lov'd;
If you repent, Oh! haſten to my Aid,
If I miſtook, ah! Fond Indulgent Maid;
Perchance ſome real Pity may ariſe,
(Sweet Thought,) when you behold my dying Eyes,
While their ſad Looks in ſtrong Convulſions move,
And pleading as they burſt the Cauſe of Love;

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By CLIO and STREPHON. II

But thou art tedious, Death's not us'd to wait,
Quick is his Mark, and thou wilt come too late,
How chang'd my Fortune, since each happy Hour,
Was witness to thy Passion and my Power;
Since every Moment from thy Fondness brought,
Some soft Account, some new endearing Thought;
Whene'er we parted, mutual Grief appear'd,
Claspt to my Bosom I thy Groans have heard;
The melting Words, my thoughtful Heart regal'd,
Shorten'd the Stream, and chear'd me as we sail'd;
And gentle Love so happily contriv'd,
That unawares I to the Shores arriv'd;
Now when half Dead and Cold, I trembling Land,
No Lover's Breast I find, no ready Hand,
At least, not thine; what are the rest to me,
The Savage Herd of Men who die for Thee;
Insensible of Friendship or of Praise,
My Head I scarcely from my Bosom raise;
No friendly Ear I with my Sorrows trust,
My Love it falls — Oh! can a Friend be just;
I hope it not — for ev'ry Hope is gone,
But when thou read'st how much I am undone;
Haste to the Earth, where *Clio* Dying lies,
And with a Kiss seal down her fading Eyes.

CLIO.



EPISTLE V.

To a FRIEND on the Masquerades.

DISGUISE is what I little understand,
 And fear the Theme will suffer by my Hand;
 Nor can I Paint with Pleasure or with Wit,
 Amusements I've so lightly tasted yet;
 All dull and *English* I shall now appear,
 And lose my Int'rest with your *Foreign Ear*:
 You will repent your Gallantry last Night,
 And see your *Quaker* in another Light.
 I know you'll Chide my Out-of-Fashion Muse,
 Which feels no Passion for this Rendezvous;
 I wish to spare this Pleasure for your sake,
 But 'tis too great a Compliment to make;
 Beneath a Mask and cover'd with a Veil,
 E'en Virtue listens to the Serpent's Tale.
 I am for hopeless Innocence afraid,
 Oh! how unguarded, and how soon betray'd;
 Hoping to leave the Tenderness behind,
 But artful Sighings overtake the Mind;
 The fatal Billet in the Morning Flies,
 Beneath whose Softness Death and Ruin lies.

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By CLIO and STREPHON. 13

On the unknown, her waking Thoughts are fixt,
And even Dreams with kindling Love are mixt;
Her fancy with remaining Sounds betray'd,
Returns Enchanted to the *Masquerade*;
Again she hears the artful *Prelate* plead,
Another tender Hour in Thought agreed;
The careless *Husband* with indiff'rence blest,
Marks not the Triumphs of his midnight Guest;
These are the Ills which thy Amusement wait,
Say, are they not too certain and too great?
If for Diversion they were only meant,
Who would not Frolic be — and Innocent?
The Wise might therefore with more safety go,
Who all the Cunning of the Triflers know;
Thro' every Form the Cloven Foot is seen,
Or drest like *Presbyter*, or *Harlequin*.
If *Cloe* is acquainted with your Breast,
In Love it is unfaithful as the rest,
But this Plain-dealing's for your private Ear;
I have no *Domine* to shade me Here.

CLIO,



B



EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. *Duncan Campbell*,

A Gentleman who, tho' born Deaf and Dumb,
writes down any Stranger's Name at first Sight,
with their future Contingencies of Fortune.

I Court no Muse amidst the tuneful Throng,
Thy *Genij*, CAMPBELL, shall inspire my Song;
The gentle Summons every Thought obeys,
Wakens my Soul, and tunes it all to Lays.
Among the Thousand Wonders, thou hast shown
I, in a Moment, am a Poet grown;
The rising Images each other meet,
Fall into Verse, and Dance away with Feet;
Now with thy *Cupid* and thy *Lamb* I rove *,
Thro' ev'ry Bloomy-Mead, and fragrant Grove.

A

* See, Mr. *Campbell's* LIFE, p. 71. A new Edition of which is lately published, with Sir *Richard Steele's* Recommendation, under the following Title, viz. THE SUPERNATURAL PHILOSOPHER, or the *Mysteries of Magic*, in all its Branches, clearly unfolded. Containing, 1. An Argument proving the Perception which Mankind have, by all the Senses, of Demons, Genij, or Familiar Spirits, and of the several Species of them, both Good and Bad. 2. A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Second Sight, demonstrating it to be Hereditary to some Families. 3. A full Answer to all Objections that can be brought against the Existence of Spirits, Witches, &c. 4. Of Divination by Dreams, Spectres, Omens, Apparitions after Death, Predictions, &c. 5. Of Inchantment, Necromancy, Geomancy, Hydromancy, Aeromancy, Pyromancy, Chiromancy,

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By CLIO and STREPHON. 15

A thousand Things, I can, my self, Divine,
Thy little *Genij* whisper 'em to Mine;
Beyond the Grave I see thy deathless Fame,
The Fair and Young all Singing CAMPBELL's Name;
And *Love* himself, — for *Love* and *Thou* art Friends,
He joins the Chorus, and his Dart defends.
What noisy-Talker can thy Magic Boast?
Let those dull Wretches try who scorn Thee most.
O sacred *Silence*! let me ever dwell,
With the sweet *Muses* in thy lonely Cell;
Or else bind up, in thy Eternal Chain,
Scandal and *Noise*, and all that *Talk* in vain.

CLIO.

romancy, Augury, and Aruspicy. Collected and compiled from the most approved Authorities. By W. BOND, of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

I must confess, I think this remarkable Treatise, is a Work of immense Erudition; full of curious Disquisitions into speculative Philosophy, comprehending a large Fund of Philosophical Learning, and furnished with some Remarks that have escaped the Pens of former Authors, who have wrote in any Faculty whatsoever.

R. STEELE.



EPISTLE VII.

To CLIO.

Occasioned by the foregoing Verses.

SWEET *Nightingale*! whose artful Numbers show,
Expressive Eloquence to Silent Woe,
Sing on, and in thy Sex's Power presume,
By Praising CAMPBELL, to strike Nations Dumb.

Whene'er you Sing, silent, as he, they'll stand,
Speak by their *Eyes*, grow Eloquent by *Hand*:
Tongues are *Confusion*, but as learnt by You,
All but *Pythagoras's* Doctrine's true;
CAMPBELL and He taught *Silence* — had He heard,
How much thy *Lays* to *Silence* were preferr'd,
He had recanted from Thy powerful Song,
And justly wish'd each *Organ* had a *Tongue*.

But could He *See*, what You, in ev'ry Line,
Prophetic tell of CAMPBELL's *Sight-Divine*;
Like *Cræsus's* Son's *bis loosened Nerves must break*,
And ask the Cause — or make his CAMPBELL *Speak*.

STREPHON.



BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE:

By STREPHON*.

W,
O F that fam'd *British* Structure fain I'd write,
In which the HOUSHOLD-Gods take prime
Delight †:

Ye Muses all, pray, all Inspire my Tongue,
Lest *Tbey* and *Sheffield* disapprove the Song.
First, how 'tis sweetly Situated, tell;
Then how the Building does in Charms excel,
Fit for the Gods and Prince that in it dwell.

}
}

Plac'd like the Eye of its Great Master's Mind,
Which penetrates the Ways of all Mankind;
Its Prospects yield a Scene of ev'ry Sort,
The Modes of Town and Country, Camp and Court.

Between the Fabric, Royal Bounty made,
For Soldiers grown decrepid by their Trade;

* WILLIAM BOND, Esq; of *Bury St. Edmunds* in *Suffolk*.

† SIC SITI LÆTANTUR LARES.

18 EPISTLES and POEMS,

By Use made Useless; who, dismember'd, cease
To go to War, and walk on Stilts in Peace:
Between this Fabric, and the Bright Parade,
Where Fops bear Sun, to set off their Brocade;
Where strut along the Military Beaus,
Dreadful in Plume, arm'd with Embroider'd Clothes,
To whom, as Guards, *wise* Ladies pay Respect,
While those maim'd Slaves, as useless, they neglect;
Which shews how Merit's valu'd as it shou'd,
And how this Age discerns the Bad from Good:
Between these Camps the Lofty Palace stands,
But Prospects far more diff'rent still commands.

On *Chelsea-side* a Length of Verdant Plains
To various Use is turn'd by various Swains:
Here, Gardiners vers'd in the *Quintinyan* Art,*
To Nature's wild Indulgence, Rules impart:
Fine Flowers of distant Climes asunder bred,
Marry'd by them, adorn one Beauteous Bed.
Here, unlike Men, in perfect Harmony,
Roses of *York* with *Lancaster's* agree;
Those angry Pale, these blushing Red do lie,
To shew they hate our Animosity.
To *British* Elms these *Priests* of *Tellus* join
The Wedded Branches of th' *Italian* Vine;
Emblem of Luckless Wedlock! Our harsh Clime,
Tho' so supported, nips it in its Prime:
JAMES was an ELM—Ah, luckless Royal Stem!
MARY a VINE—Unhappy Royal Dame;
We'll not with Tears these Tracks too far pursue,
And blight the Fruits with Nature's saddest Dew.

* Alluding to M. QUINTINY, Royal Gardiner of France.

By CLIO and STREPHON. 19

Turn to those Prospects, Muse, where Towns are
seen,

And lose in Crouds the melancholy Scene:

Here, Haughty *London's* Lofty Turrets rise,

There *Westminster's* with Pride salute my Eyes;

That's rich with Cringing grown, and This with Awe;

That does by Cheats, what This undoes by Law;

For Law and Trade, like Statesmen and the Court,

Are each the other's Downfal and Support:

There at *Guild-Hall* the Lorded Mayors appear,

Proud of gilt Pageants waving in the Air:

But here at *Westminster's* more pow'rful Hall,

Their Twelve-Months Honours in one Moment fall;

Cheats are laid open, and the cheated Heir

Regains his Fortune from the ruin'd Mayor.

Thus *P—rs* to an Estate in *London* run,

But will in *Westminster* be soon undone;

Fine like *P—rs* Pageants *Gallie* Standards were,

But Captives in this Hall mere Rags appear:

O dreadful Consequence of Law and War!

Let me again to Country Scenes repair,

And breathe in innocent unperjur'd Air:

Ceres looks cheer'd at their less guilty Gain,

Who sell for honest Gold her Golden Grain;

See by yon lab'ring Hinds what Loads of Corn,

Plenty's and *Sheffield's* Arms! in Sheaves are borne

To those proud Towns, that boast they live so high,

Yet, wanting these, must splendid Beggars die.

There jolly Shepherds tend their Woolly Care,

And singing Time away, divert that Air;

Where

20 EPISTLES and POEMS,

Where *Angel-Shepherds* dwell, that singing keep
From Dangers Men as harmless as their Sheep.

Sweet Country ! When shall I be one of these ?
When shall I sing beneath thy Branching Trees ;
When shall I see the Day so happy made,
To lie protected in their mighty Shade ?

Then, *British* Swains, I'd VIRGIL'S Genius crave,
Since we so near, a *British* POLLIO have ;
Who was our *Shepherd* in a nobler kind,
And, by his prudent Counsels, serv'd Mankind.

Then would I teach, in most instructive Lines,
The Court which in a diff'rent Prospect shines ;
That they should, like us honest Shepherds be,
And, POLLIO, draw the Golden Rule from Thee :
Then would ASTRÆA, who to Heaven is flown,
Wing down to Animate her figur'd Stone ;
And standing pleas'd upon thy awful House,
(She, loth to scourge, Rewards with Joy bestows)
Would lay a while her brandish'd Falchion down,
And having weigh'd her Scales, the *Righteous* crown :
But Courts are Palaces less Happy far,
Whose Kings their Subjects Faults too often bear.
See yonder Abbey, where dead Monarchs lie,
To shew proud Crowns that Dust's their near Ally :
Fatal *Whiteball* is on the Fun'ral Road.
Whiteball had fronted, if *Whiteball* had stood,
Thy Palace, *Sheffield* ; but to Earth it went,
Purg'd first by Flames, and seem'd as if it meant,
To fall Great CHARLES's sacred Monument.

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By CLIO and STREPHON. 21

That Remnant where he suffer'd, stands to tell
The Reason why the rest to Ruins fell;
It fell by Flames, Flames raging fierce like those,
Which from Implacable Sedition rose:
In vain the *Thames* its watry Aid supply'd,
Flames redden fiercer, like the Blood that dy'd
(Crying for Vengeance) its devoted Walls,
Till down the Venerable Structure falls:
Three Kingdoms Emblem, Three, unless they mend,
May dread from Heaven such a flaming End.
Weep, *Britons*, weep, till Penitential Streams
Swell to a Torrent, like another *Thames*;
Try if those Tears can wash away the Guilt
Of such a MARTYR's Blood, so vilely spilt.
And Oh! ye *British* Monarchs, learn from hence
To Non-Resisting Men most Power dispense.
Oft when Great CHARLES in mighty Triumph
went,

With Love to see, a loving Parliament;
Just at *Whitehall* their *Shouts* the Rabble spread,
Yet there they *shouted* when he lost his Head;
While Parliaments shew'd Love to that degree,
They crown'd him with a Martyr's Destiny:
Yet still in prosp'rous Times we nothing fear,
Tho' Height to Precipice is always near.

Now, Muse, in Paths that run for half a Mile,
Sweet Vistoes fronting *Sheffield's* stately Pile,
With thoughtless Courtiers walk, and Woe beguile.
Beneath these Rows of Limes, whose friendly Shade
By Canopies of weaving Leaves is made,

When

22 EPISTLES and POEMS,

When flaming Beaus and Belles, that blaze at Court,
 Both much to see, more to be seen, resort;
 They a great Prospect to the Palace seem,
 But that a greater Prospect yields to them;
 Tells those disdainful envious *Lookers-on*,
*They give but Trouble to themselves alone; **
 Learns them that Use, with Ornament, should join,
 And bids them be at once both plain and fine;
 It like its Lord a great Example stands,
 And Imitation from the Wise Commands;
 To decent Greatness does Spectators move,
 But bids them always place the Gods above.
 Oh! could I copy in Harmonious Lays,
 Great Monument! thy Pattern how to raise,
 To Thee, to *Sheffield*, Monuments of Praise;
 As thou'rt like *Cooper's Hill*, an equal Theme,
 So would I rival *Denham* in his Fame,
 And *Sheffield* should approve the gen'rous Flame.
 Times, endless, that fine Structure should esteem,
 Knowing how much its Form resembled him;
 High like his Birth, and like his Judgment strong,
 Sweet in Proportion, like his Syren Song;
 His Song, where ev'ry Grace is sure to be;
 His Song, the Life and Soul of Harmony.

Fir'd with the Thought of *Sheffield's* heavenly Muse,
 My own grows bold, and loftier Tracks pursues;
 Will pass the Portal, and when enter'd in,
 Paint to Mens wond'ring Eyes each inward Scene;
 * Prospects beyond these outward she'll expose,
 And the World's BEAUTIES in one House disclose.

*SPECTATOR FASTIDIOSUS SIBI MOLESTUS,

As

By CLIO and STREPHON. 23

As in clear Nights the glitt'ring Stars surprize,
And more the Sun by Day delights our Eyes,
Yet both are outward Beauties of the Skies;
In Inside Heaven lies a nobler Scene,
By mortal Eyes ne'er heard, by mortal Eyes ne'er seen:
So does it with this noble Structure fare,
Where tho' external Charms excelling are,
Yet with its Inside can they not compare.
The Country, Camp, Town, Court *, without are seen:
The Country, Camp, Town, Court, are all within.

Gardens and Grottos, Green-Houses and Woods,
With Lab'rins, verdant Meads and Silver Floods,
All round in regular Confusion lie,
And maze the rioting Spectator's Eye.
While this Great Man his rural Heaven enjoys,
Free from an envious World's invading Noise;
Virtues, like Guards encamp'd, surround the Prince,
Who lives secure, intrench'd with Innocence:
Against all Ill, his Conscience keeps the Field,
His Prudence makes unruly Passions yield;
Justice and Fortitude bear equal Sway,
And Temperance like *SCIPIO*, rules the Day.
Such is his Camp: There useful Houses round
His stately Palace rang'd, with Art abound,
And just resemble some well-order'd Town.

Now let us, Muse, now let us upwards move;
The Court, the Gods, and *Sheffield* are above.

* RUS IN URBE.

24 EPISTLES and POEMS,

Each Step thou mount'st, my Muse, is a Degree,
That Elevates thee more in Poetry:
Here, good *ÆNEAS* tells the *Trojan* Tale,
Which did on *DIDO*'s pitying Heart prevail;
There, to her Sister *ANNA* she reveals
The secret Wounds a Queen and Lover feels:
Here, on the bending Oaks a Tempest falls,
And Lightnings flash along the painted Walls,
These *Dido* flies; yet Lightnings warm her Breast,
When of her Lover in yon Cave posselt:
Here, in his Ships th' inconstant *Hero* flies,
There, on a blazing Pile the Constant Empress dies.
Here, here, all *VIRGIL* at one View delights
The wondring Eye; Loves, Sieges, Conquests, Fights,
'Tis his best Monument inscrib'd with all he writes. }
The Gods look pleas'd, and from their Heav'n recline,
To read each written in each painted Line.

Who most is like this Poet next we'll name,
And that's the *Prince* himself, 'tis *Buckingham*.
In the first spacious Chamber, lo! I see
A Token of his matchless Harmony:
There, by fam'd *Kneller*'s Art Great *ANNA* shines,
But *Sheffield* her more Noble Form designs,
And draws Her *Iliad* in but twice Two Lines*.

* Alluding to the Verses written by his Grace upon her Majesty's Picture, which she presented Him.

Mistaken Zeal was the first *Mary*'s Share,
Elizabeth was Form'd for Regal Care;
In *ANNE* alone these happy Nations find
Prudence and Piety together Join'd.

Muse

By CLIO and STREPHON. 25

Muse, from this Pleasure to new Pleasures roam,
And view the Glories of yon painted Room.

Here, every Artist Draughts of Nature shows,
From *Thornhill's* Time to *Michael Angelo's*;
See with our Ladies, Antient Beauties stand,
Those, drawn by *Kneller's*, these, by *Raphael's* Hand;
Their Themes too various for a single Muse,
Let those Bards praise, who first those Themes did chuse:
Vandyke's fine Draughts to *Cowley* do belong,
And *Kneller's* Praises live in *Granville's* Song;
When *Pope* his tuneful Lyre to *Raphael* brings,
Then still while *Raphael* paints, a *Vida* sings;
Were by Soft *Waller*, Manly *Denham* seen,
The Pow'rs of Paint in every Living Scene;
Waller and *Denham* then no more would give
Advice to Painters, but from *Them* receive:
They that did just Poetic Rules impart,
Would learn the Tunes of Speech from the *dumb Sister's*
Art.

Well tir'd, if Pleasure may be said to tire,
Muse, from this gay Variety retire.

Behold that Room the Nuptial Bed contains,
With Joys, and Loves, and Smiles, here *Hymen* reigns;
Still on the Bride and Bridegroom may she tend,
And each new Day to both new Pleasures send.

* Alluding to this Line in *Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism*;
A *Raphael* painted and a *Vida* sung.

26 EPISTLES and POEMS.

Lo! there, by *Kneller* drawn, the Duke is seen,
 O had I Skill to sing the Glorious Scene,
 In such high Numbers as he sung the Queen;
 Who ow'd those Honours, that he prais'd in HER,
 To her wise Choice of such a Counsellor!
 His Noble Stature and his Princely Grace,
 All the Majestic Features of his Face,
 The Poet can't describe, nor *Kneller* trace;
 That must the Province of his Dutcheſs be,
 Him, She from Kings deſcended, only She
 Can paint to future Times in *Normanby*;
 Long may he Live, and Propagate the Name,
 He like his Father, and his Heirs the ſame.
 Muſe, ſay what Man our future Peers ſhall ſee,
 If what the Father is, the Son ſhould be.

Brave without Raſhneſs, Wiſe without Deceit,
 Conſcious of Worth, without Vain-Glory Great,
 Well-bred exactly, perfectly Sincere,
 To Virtue friendly, and to Vice Severe;
 Thrifty, not Sparing, full of Charity,
 Which never is profuſe, but always free,
 ONE, that's *all this* and *More*, That *One* is *HE*:
 For when all Good our Fancies e'er can frame,
 In Compound meets, that Compound's *Buckingham*.

Muſe, ſtrike that Name from thy Profaning Page,
 Thou'lt praife his Merit with leſs Vig'rous Rage,
 Than Merit's ſtabb'd with, in this impious Age.
 Ages to come ſhall ſuffer for our Crimes,
 But few ſuch Peers will grace ſucceeding Times.

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By CLIO and STREPHON. 27

That lofty Flower, which in his Garden grows, *
 But once an Age in all its Glory blows ;
 And its Rare Beauties to few Eyes bestows :
 But many rolling Centuries must be,
 That must produce so great a Peer as *Thee*,
 Thou Flower of our Prime Nobility !

Muse, act not unawares again, this Part,
 Unless thy Tongue could answer to thy Heart ;
 Yet then thou could'st not equal Praise bestow,
 His Merit is too high above, thy Thoughts too far below :
 Think'st thou *his* Muse needs any Praise from *Thee*,
 That gave e'en DEATH an *Immortality* ? †

* *An Aloes-Tree which blows but once in an Hundred Years.*

† Alluding to his Grace's Incomparable Poem, call'd, The TEM-
 PLE OF DEATH. Written originally in *French*, and translated by
 him when Marquis of *Normandy*. His Grace was pleas'd, when
 Mr. BOND presented him with this POEM, to pay him this Com-
 pliment, *That it would last much longer than the BUILDING.*





THE
PARSON'S DAUGHTER.
A
T A L E.

For the Use of pretty GIRLS with small
FORTUNES.

*— facilis discensus Averni
Sed revocare Gradus —
Hoc Opus hic Labor est. Virg.*

CLOE a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her ;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And David's Psalms by Heart could say ;

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Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
 Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
 Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
 At any Mortal's Intercession:
 Was caution'd never to be idle,
 But either read or use her Needle.
 (Thus was she often told her Duty,
 The old Man knowing her a Beauty
 With little Money, which the more
 Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
 No Pains were spar'd to make her good:
 But, ah! how frail is Flesh and Blood,
 When to the wide World left alone,
 No Will to follow, but its own?
 For tho' she promis'd very fair,
 While underneath her Father's Care,
 Yet she, as soon as *Dad* was dead,
 Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
 Resolving strait to be a Bride,
 And taste of Pleasures yet untry'd;
 But still intends to guard her Honour,
 Whatever Longings are upon her;
 Having been taught, that Fornication
 Is a great Sin, tho' much in Fashion.
 With this Design, to Town she came,
 Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worst;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curst,
 Whom she by Artifice had won,
 To sell themselves, and be undone.
 (Before we any farther go,
 'Tis fit her Character we show.)

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
 Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
 All Batchelors that use her House,
 May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse.
 Without th' intolerable Fetter,
 Of being link'd for Worse or Better.
 No married Man, but there may find
 Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a ruby shining Face,
 Which some may think th' Effect of Grace;
 As *Moses* when the most enlighten'd,
 So much the more his Visage brighten'd;
 For she can counterfeit Devotion,
 And of Religion has this Notion,
 That doubtless That must be the Best,
 Which with most Ease will make her Blest;
 That where Indulgences are given,
 Is sure the nearest Way to Heaven.

Oh! happy those, who in a Trice,
 Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice;
 Can sin afresh, and run o'Score,
 And reckon for what's past no more.
 With *Origen* she hopes Salvation,
 Believing there is no Damnation;
 But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds shall be
 Blessed to all Eternity.
 Small Need of any Pains and Care,
 Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r,

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If ev'ry Sinner, spite of Fate,
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are evil,
She chuses Darknesh like a Devil,
Yet will she light her little * *Sodom*,
On † Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom;
Wishing to see the Diffolution
Of all our Laws and Constitution;
For if this Government should cease,
She might be sure to Bawd in Peace;
Knowing there would be ‡ Toleration
For Whoring in a Popish Nation.

She loves *Sachev'rell* in her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part;
Blindly believes whate'er he said,
More than the *Testament* or *Creed*;
Thinks him the Church's best Support,
Tho' *Priest* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *Saxeb* pimp'd for *A—m*;
That Incest is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L—t* carefs'd his Daughter;
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Use is made;
And that it can be no Abuse,
To put Things-to their proper Use.

* Her House so call'd for its Wickedness.

† *Pretender's* Birth-day.

‡ The reason why Women are for the *Pretender*.

With

32 *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

With *Cloe* soon she got acquainted,
 And all her former Virtues tainted ;
 Taking Advantage of her Want,
 She often to her thus would cant ;
 What, tho' all such as cannot Tarry
 Rather than Burn are bid to Marry,
 Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
 But those who lawfully come by't,
 Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
 Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,
 If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
 To have, and hold, during her Life.
 It seems but Reason good, therefore ;
 Rather than Burn, to play the Whore :
 This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
 To be made Use of, sure has giv'n.
 Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
 That have improved it the most ;
 Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,
 Their Talents in a Napkin lay-by ;
 For doubtless, to conceal one's Light
 Under a Bushel, is not right.
 Then, as *St. Paul* says, (mind the Letter)
 Those who don't marry, *do what's better* ;
 Which plainly must some *Art* imply,
 I see no Reason to deny.
 'The Action you will guess with Ease,
 'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please.

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be advis'd ;
 Good Offers should not be despis'd ;

A present

A present Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept?
That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mecblin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah! why should so divine a Creature
Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature?

Too easy, *Cloe* quickly proves,
Persuaded to the Thing she loves;
Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,
And Folly still to live a Maid;
When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure
By parting with an useless Treasure;
She soon forgets to say her Pray'r,
And learns to practise Coquet Airs;
Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd, as Prudes do bawdy Plays;
Left off the Reading heavy Chapters,
And only relish'd melting Raptures,
Such as she met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances:
And now upon her Toilet's seen
A *Rocheſter*, and *Aretine*;
The Work of *Ovid's* Am'rous Pen
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more useful prove,
To study his soft *Art of Love*,
Then what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thousand Years ago.

The

34 *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

The gilded Prospect gay appears,
 And seems to promise happy Years;
 A thousand Pleasures fill her Mind,
 Nor sees she Want and Shame behind;
 Considers not with how much Haste
 Her Youth and blooming Beauty waste;
 That when the Date of Charms are out,
 The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
 And those who were at first but poor,
 Leaves often lower than before;
 Which she at last experienc'd true,
 (Her happy Days, Alas! were few)
 Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
 No more her faded Charms entice;
 She in her Summer took no Care
 For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;
 Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
 Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
 And now in Allies Centry stands,
 To get her living by her *Hands*;
 She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
 To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
 Which pinching Poverty and Care,
 Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

She that when Young would blush to hear
 A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
 Will now talk Bawdy with the best,
 And fancy every Oath a Jest;
 She that was once as just as any,
 Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
 And then, to silence sharp Remorse
 For what is past, or fear of worse,

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She finds a Way that's most effectual,
And drowns her Senses intellectual.

M O R A L.

From hence let Females learn to shun
Those Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
Not to be fool'd by promis'd Blifs,
Of fancy'd Joys, and Happiness.
Sin is but slightly varnish'd o'er;
Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;
For such a Wonder's rarely known,
As, a *lewd Woman honest grown*.

So, when a River's rapid course
O'erflows its Banks with mighty force,
Then all Endeavours are in vain,
To turn it to its Bounds again.

A T H O U G H T, on Reading Dr.
Burnet's Archæology.

HAD ADAM (form'd with ev'ry Grace
His *Female* to subdue)

Straight fall'n to propagate his Race;

Nor suffer'd Eve to view

The *Tempter*, and the *Tempting Tree*,

We had been *Free from Evil*;

From *Death* all Mankind had been *Free*,

And We had Bit the *DEVIL*.

For, as they then were, such the Race,

Begotten then, had been;

Begot! in *Innocence* and Grace,

They'd known no Shame or Sin.

And

In

In nat'ral Walks, unplanted Groves,
 In Parterres, rudely Gay,
 By Night, we'd play'd our *spotless Loves*,
 And toy'd the *live-long Day*.
 Spontaneous had the Earth produc'd
 Each Fruit, that Nature yields,
 Nor had poor mortal *Brows* been us'd
 To *Sweat* o'er *barren Fields*.
 But EVE was *Curious*; she wou'd Taste
 The *Fruit* that was deny'd;
 Nor, more than ADAM, was in Haste
 A *Wife* to make the *Bride*.
 And so they *Fell*; and *Curs'd* they were;
 Curs'd was the Earth and Man,
 And where EVE felt most *Pleasure*, THERE,
 She felt the greatest *Pain*.
 Oh EVE! hadst thou but been at *Court*,
 Or but at *Church* hadst been,
 Thou hadst not thus *delay'd the Sport*,
 Nor had THAT SAME been *Sin*.
 But let not this weak Man dismay,
 Nor fill his Head with Fears;
 Of *Paradise* that *single Day*
 Begot *one thousand Years*.
 Then grieve no more, at our *First State*,
 Millennium's hast'ning Doom,
 All Blessed, Splendid, Lasting, Great,
 Ere long with Joy will come.
 There, shall not EVE, again, Transgress,
 Thence banish'd shall be *Evil*;
 Eden shall the whole Earth possess;
 Eden! without a DEVIL!